

The Washington Bee

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SCATTERED NOTES.

FOR THE WASHINGTON BEE
BY
MAGNUS L. ROBINSON
West End, January 6th 1889

A wise man made his servant sleep in a chamber adjoining his own. He cried out to him on one occasion, "George am I asleep? Yes sir," replied the conscientious George. Ah, good!

Enjoy the blessings of this day, says Jeremy Taylor, if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to-morrow.

An Irishman being asked what he came to America for, said: Is't what I came here for ye mane? Arrath, by powers! You may be sure that it warn't for want, for I had plenty of that at home.

Formulas of a fa-ionable lady's prayer: Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money

It was a grand day in the old chivalric times, the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, and many a syllable significant of loneliness had been uttered, until it came to St. Leon's turn, when lifting the sparkling cup

To one whose love for me shall
last,
When lighter passions for me has
passed,
So holy 'tis, and true.
To one whose love has longer dwelt,
None deeply fixed, more keenly
felt.
Than any pledged by you.

And stanly said: We crave the
name!
Proud Knight, of this most peerless
dame,
Whose love you count so high
St. Leon passed, as if he would
Not breath her name in any
mood.

And gentle said my mother.

In your issue of Dec. 10th there appeared an article over my signature.

conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and

mation there given had been communicated to me by the head of

alleged to have grossly insulted. I said nothing of my own knowl-

merely quoted in a modified form
the very forcibly language of the

to Washington that the said J. M.

ferred to and if as he states to my informant the charges are

that I have seen no public denial of them beyond a general local no-

accept his statement for what it is worth, which I now do and further

has been raised between the lady,

have no quarrel with Mr. Ricks, I make this public acknowledgment.

by the publication of the said article which I am informed has great

J. E. BRUCE.

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[illegible]

State of my peoples agony:
Take heed, the day shall not be
long,
Ere that avenged our ev'ry wrong

On fact to send to the next Convention two men who have the confidence of the people, and who are both in favor of suffrage for the boss-ridden people of this District. One of the men is at the head of a powerful organization here, while the other, who is a colored man with ability and brains, will bring around him no little influence and support from those who know his ability and appreciate his worth.

The INDIANAPOLIS WORLD quite recently published what purported

It is really astonishing and remarkable what gall some people have. I was standing on the Avenue near 9th st. the other day smoking one of a half dozen fine Savannah cigars three for five when a party, who shall be named less here, walked up and engaged me in conversation about Perry Carson's new over-coat and the next nominating convention and Blaine and Sherman and the dark horse, etc. Seeing my cigars in my vest pocket he very dextrously extracted one, lit it, commented

T. Tho. Fortune enjoys the proud distinction of being the only colored editor of a great metropolitan journal. By sheer industry and indomitable courage he has worked his way up from the position of a hustler on the New York Evening Sun to that of second editor in command of that powerful evening daily which shines for all at 1 cent a shine invariably in advance. When Mr. Cummings, Editor in chief was about to depart for the "Cave of the winds" a council of editors was held to discuss changes and promotions. Fortune's work covering a period of several months was marked up on the files and submitted to Mr. Dana, who immed-

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Abraham Lincoln was no infidel, selfish critics to the contrary notwithstanding. The century for December gave in the life of Lincoln for the first time, the true version of the address that he made at the railway station in Springfield Ill., as he was beginning the journey to Washington. A thousand of his Springfield neighbors had come to bid him good-bye. Mr. Lincoln stood upon the platform of the car as the train started, and raised his hand to command attention. Well do his private secretaries say, that as the bystanders bowed their heads to the falling snow-flakes, he heard his voice for the last time in the city of his home in a fare well address so chaste and pathetic that it reads as if he already felt the tragic shadow of the fire casting fate. The address: "My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe every thing. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed without that assistance, I cannot fail while trusting in him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be every where for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Mr. John A. Seaton of the Equitable Life Assurance of New York is building a \$10,000 mansion on his Virginia farm, located near the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. The mansion will consist of 15